

# U.S. INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES ADMIT SECRET MEETING WITH ALIEN REPRESENTATIVE

Now we have incontrovertible, documented proof: We have been officially and formally contacted by representatives of a highly advanced, extraterrestrial civilization!



As an indication of our trust and faith in the good intentions of the alien representative, the five-year-old daughter of one of our intelligence operatives was sent to bring the alien to the meeting place.

**"DECIPHER THE MESSAGE ON MY  
FOREHEAD AND YOU WILL LIVE  
FOREVER," SAYS MYSTERIOUS  
SPACE VISITOR**

take a closer look at you?"

"No, I'd rather you did not."

"Do you think we'd try to grab you?"

"Yes."

Hart told us he said no more about closer physical contact. But from that moment on the interview disintegrated. Our visitor grew more restless. Meecham asked him if he was pleased with our questions.

"Hardly. They were quite basic. I expected something better."

"Like what?"

"It would be stupid of me to try to explain." He rose. "Will I be able to leave here without being attacked?"

"You have our word on it. We'll stay where we are until you are gone. Do you have a machine outside?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

The alien held up a golden medallion, which he said was the adopted symbol of the galactic federation of which his planet was a member.

"How will you leave?"

"It will come on signal."

Meecham asked: "Again, when will you invade en masse?"

"It could come tomorrow, or after you people have wiped yourselves out with your absurd atomic bombs." He started to walk into the aisle.

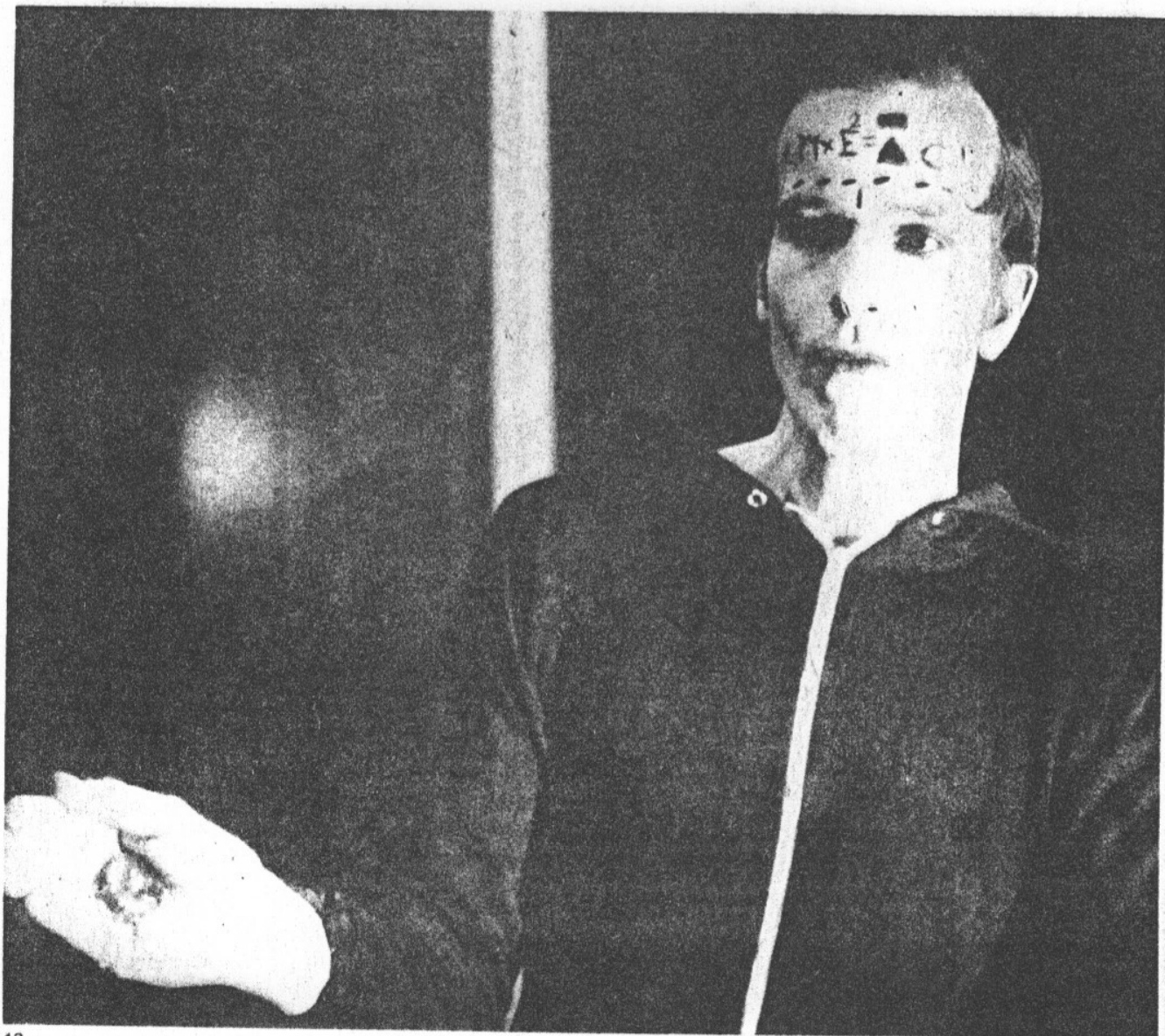
Hart asked quickly, "Do you have oxygen where you are?" And he felt ridiculous asking it because the alien was breathing it here. All he got from the visitor was a smirk.

Both agents stood still and watched him fade into the shadows. The door opened and closed. After giving him ten minutes to get away, they hurried to the CIA building and presented their notes to their superiors. They also gave verbal impressions of the alien representative. They then heard nothing from their superiors until they were instructed to spread the word.

According to Hart and Meecham,

they have not been successful. The association between the kook and the UFO is so strong in this country that no one will touch such a story. Even in their meeting with us we detected a certain discouragement in their voices. They feel that our people are not ready to accept space visitors and may never be ready. Both knew instantly that night that they were in the presence of a far superior being. *They also felt that he represented a planet of individuals who likely regard us on the level with animals to be exterminated if their own survival depended on it.*

It is our feeling that our government, and perhaps others, is trying to alert us to that possibility. It is entirely possible that we may even see a new "Bluebook" project being undertaken by our Air Force — with the department now giving us the unvarnished truths about unidentified flying objects.







Some of Hart's notes read: "He is humorless. He appears unhealthy. He speaks English fluently, says he and his people can learn a new language in a matter of days. He has no accent. It is like *listening* to an English text. His eyes are large, searching and forever darting about, as though he expects to be surrounded and held captive at any moment. He says his people are far superior to us intellectually. I'm inclined to believe him — he seems to have his answers formulated even before we ask them. It's as though he can read our thoughts."

He had a question for the operatives. "Why do your governments suppress our visits?"

Hart and Meecham told us that they had no answer. The alien reminded them that discs had been seen over

were aware of the alien's anger. They saw his pale hands tighten on the seat's armrests. They did nothing to upset him any further. In a moment or two he calmed himself and asked the men to continue with their interview.

Ques.: "Are you following our space program?"

Ans.: "It's infantile. You will not succeed until you have designed a ship that can break away from your gravitational pull without force, without expending thousands of gallons of fuel in thrust."

"How can that be accomplished?"

Hart asked on his own.

"We are not here to instruct you." (Anger began to well up again.) He said: "You are animals! You have an Eden here and you are destroying it with your wars, violence, wanton killings, your pollution and contamination of your atmosphere. You are fools!"

His head turned from right to left. "I'm afraid here. I didn't want to come. I told them you were not ready. They insisted. We need an alternate home. I expect to be assassinated at any moment."

Meecham said, "That won't happen. No one knows you're here except our intelligence people. You're safe."

They waited for him to calm down. Then Hart read aloud from the sheet. "If there is an invasion, will it be violent?"

The representative made a noise in his throat. "Violent? It will be done surreptitiously. You will never know you have been invaded."

"Has the invasion begun?" Meecham asked.

They thought for a moment that he was not going to answer that one. Then he said, "Yes. We have our people, a few of them, in high places here. They are working for everlasting peace — the kind of peace we enjoy on our planet. They are not succeeding. Their hardest task is suppressing their own intelligence in an effort to keep it on a level with yours. But they are capable of manipulating any machine you devise, just as I manipulated your WALNUT computer to contact your superiors."

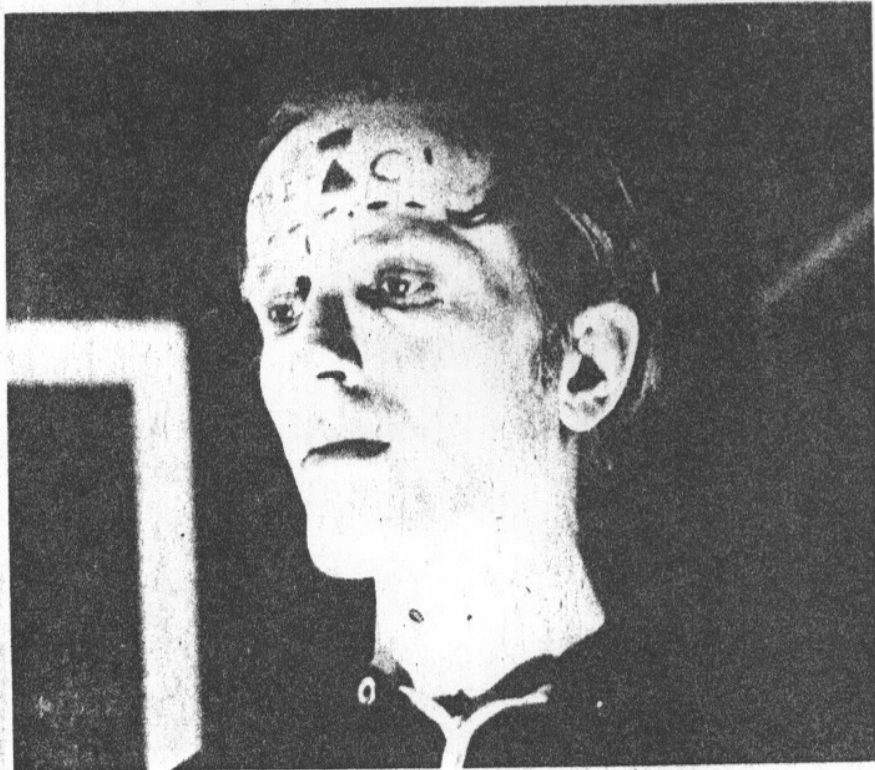
Ques.: "What is the population of your planet?"

Ans.: "Ten billion."

Ques.: "Is it overcrowded?"

Ans.: "Not at all. We have enough room. What we don't have is enough sun. In all of our intellectuality we have not found a substitute for it."

Hart impetuously asked, "Can we



planets we are scouting offers the best opportunity. Yours is high on the list."

"What keeps us from being number one?" Meecham ad-libbed.

"Your violence."

Ques.: "When would you launch such an invasion?"

No answer. Hart and Meecham gave him plenty of time. Hart scribbled on his note pad. He had been writing on it, he told us, almost from the moment the alien representative had entered the room. He jotted down such things as the alien's description, his voice sounds, his command of English, his gestures and so on.

Scientists are presently engaged in a feverish effort to decode the message on the alien's forehead. Several possible meanings have been suggested for the inscription: a cure for cancer, an antidote to the aging process, or a replacement for Einstein's  $E = mc^2$ , which will allow us to surpass the speed of light. . . . For the moment, however, we can only speculate as to its actual meaning.

every country on Earth and that visits had been plentiful ever since 1947 when Kenneth Arnold had had his tragic experience with one. But no government, including the United States, had dared acknowledge their presence.

For the first time, Hart and Meecham

operatives were handed a typewritten sheet of questions which were to be asked of the alien representative. Hart and Meecham were instructed to apply no pressure. If a question was ignored, then so be it.

At 2:15 a.m. the two agents left the building and headed for the conference room. Both admitted looking up at the sky for the sight of a UFO. They said they saw nothing.

Inside the room they took their seats at the heavy conference table and waited. Hart turned on a light, which cast eerie shadows along the edges of the room.

Both men had three-quarters of an hour to speculate. All that they accomplished was to pass the time.

At precisely three o'clock, they heard the door open and close. The men admitted to us that they tensed. They did not know what to expect. The speculation was behind them now. The waiting was over. He or she or "it" was in the room and undoubtedly observing them.

They peered at the shadows and were able to distinguish a figure moving slowly, tentatively toward them. Neither man moved nor made any gesture which might be assumed hostile. They did not say, "Hello," or "Welcome" or make any other inane remark.

The figure approached slowly, walking upright, arms at its sides. It was tallish, athletic-looking.

At this point in our meeting with the operatives, Hart took a sheet of paper from his pocket. He said it was a copy of the original sheet he had with him that night.

The first question on it was: "Where are you from?"

Ans.: "I am not permitted to reveal that information except to say that we live in the same galaxy."

Ques.: "Why have you come?"

Ans.: "To study your technology."

The alien sat down. The impression Hart and Meecham had was that he did not wish to get too close to them. There was a feeling of distrust on the alien's part and both men sensed it.

Meecham stated to us that he ad-libbed the next question. "What do you think of our technology?"

"Primitive."

Hart said he looked at the sheet of paper and asked, "How did you get here?"

Ans.: "By disc."

Ques.: "What about the disc's speed?"

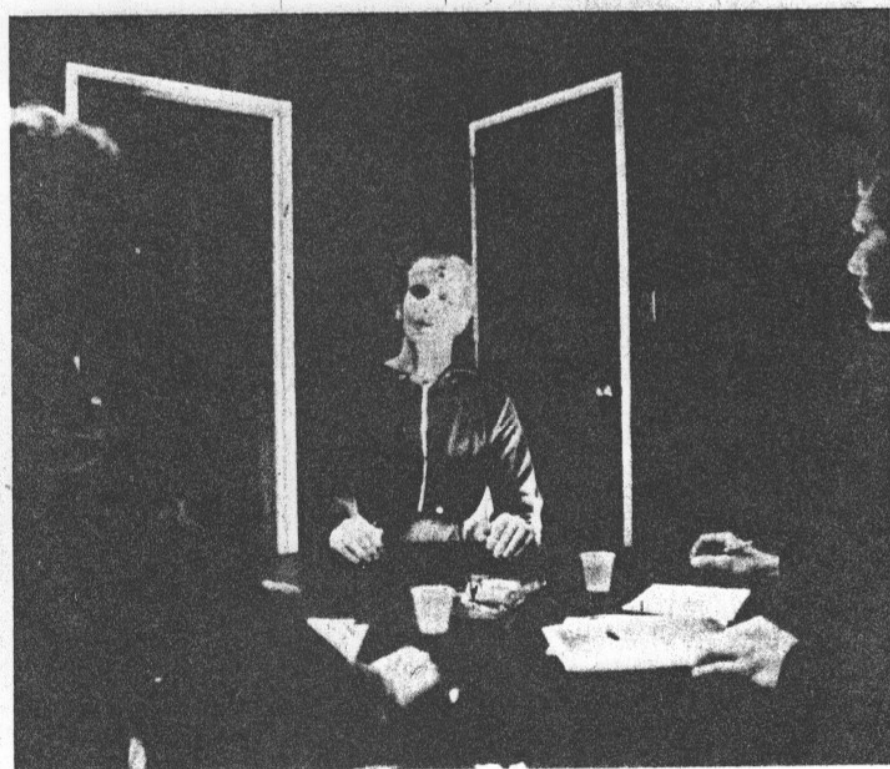
Ans.: "Limitless. Each machine has its own center of gravity."

The alien spoke little, but what he did say struck to the heart of humanity's problems: "You are animals! You have an Eden here and you are destroying it with your wars, violence, wanton killings, your pollution and contamination of your atmosphere. You are fools!"

Ques.: "The nearest star to our solar is four and a half light years away. Traveling at the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles per second, it would take you four and a half years to reach here — if you came from that planet. Explain."

Ans.: "Our disc speed far surpasses the speed of light."

The only obvious difference between this person and earthlings was the color of his skin. It was extremely pale — face and hands. His hair was blond. Hart asked him about his complexion and the alien replied that



The intelligence operatives asked him what he thought of our space program. "It's infantile. You will not succeed until you have designed a ship that can break away from your gravitational pull without force, without expending thousands of gallons of fuel."

his planet did not have the luxury of a sun that was as nourishing as ours. His sun was dying, just as ours would someday.

Meecham referred to the typewritten sheet. "When did you first visit us?"

Ans.: "We were coming long before your Old Testament was written."

Ques.: "How many of you?"

Ans.: "A great many. Thousands, perhaps."

Ques.: "Do any of you live here?"

Ans.: "Most certainly. The sick ones. Those who are in desperate need of your sun's benefits."

Meecham read the next question to himself, first, then aloud. And he had to struggle to keep his hand from shaking. "Do you plan on an invasion?"

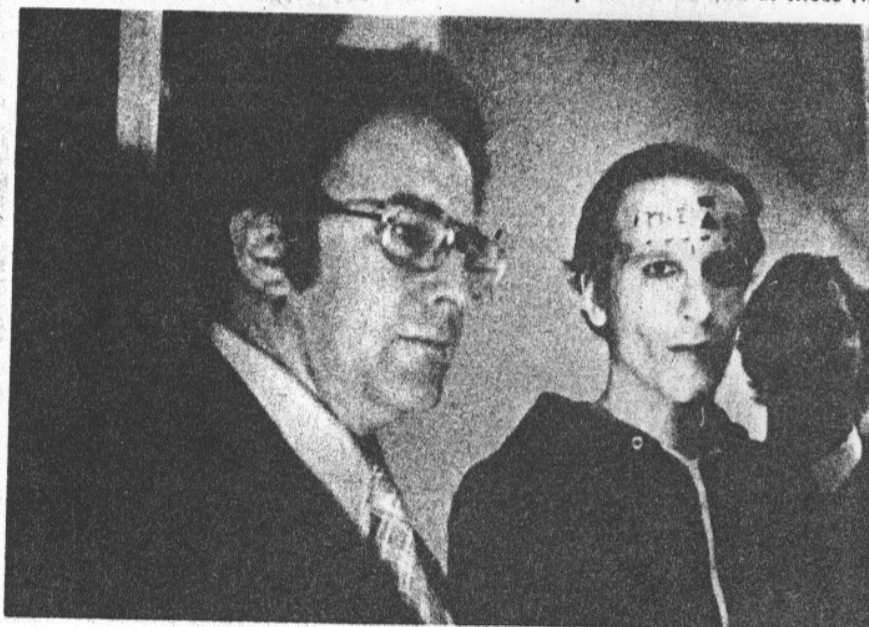
The alien's immobile face remained immobile. He did not answer at first. A deadly silence reigned. Hart and Meecham waited. Finally, he said: "Perhaps. It depends on which of the



■ There are two. They are members of the Clandestine Agencies. That means they could belong to the Central Intelligence Agency. They refuse to be pinpointed. They also refused to be named. However, they did offer two aliases: John Hart and Thomas Meecham.

Both have stated that they have met with a man who is not of this world.

The statements were made in the presence of the editors of this magazine on September 14, 1977. The time of the meeting was 10:00 a.m. and was held in the editorial conference room.



The arrangements for this meeting were made three weeks in advance, which gave us plenty of time to check the credentials of John Hart and Thomas Meecham.

Both are bonafide high-echelon employees of the United States Government. Hart has been in intelligence at the federal level for 20 years. Meecham's experience goes back to the days of World War II and the O.S.S., when William "Wild Bill" Donovan was head man.

Hart and Meecham are family men. Neither has an axe to grind. Neither stands to reap any profits from his revelations. During our historic meeting they were quite serious, quite convincing. Their information was offered in monotones. They had no desire to sensationalize or embellish. They asked us — no, demanded — that we write no descriptions of what they look like. They are still operatives and their cover must be protected.

We had only one question in the beginning. "Why are you telling us this?"

Hart was the one who answered. He

said, "Orders." He did not elaborate. They did say that other publications were being offered the same material. If their editorial policy did not permit publication, it was their loss.

Their purpose was to convince as many editors and publishers as possible to print their experience. The feeling we got at the time was that our government is finally opening the gates, that it wants the public to know that contacts have been made. Hart and Meecham did not respond. They didn't even crack a smile.

The impression we had of these two

Meecham does not know what transpired after that. Apparently, the powers that be knew who the message was from. A week later Hart and Meecham were ordered to the private dining room atop the CIA's \$46,000,000 hideaway in Fairfax County, Virginia. The building is completely surrounded by rolling hills and forested areas.

Hart said he and Meecham walked into a room jammed with high-echelon people from the Clandestine Services. They were told what their mission would be and that they had been selected because of their unflappable dispositions. They did not want men who might break under the pressure of meeting someone from another world.

The meeting here took four hours. Hart and Meecham were told that the

◀ Our intelligence agents were puzzled by the mysterious inscription which appeared on the alien's forehead, but had been warned beforehand to ask no questions about it, as none would be answered. They were told simply, "When you are able to understand the inscription, you will be spiritually advanced enough to accept the powerful gifts it can bestow upon the human race. Until such time, you must be patient. . . ."

alien representative would not present himself to more than two people, and that those two people had to be of a serious and sober nature.

Physical contact would be made in a conference room situated to the right of CIA's headquarters. It would be empty at the time of contact . . . 3 a.m., July 17, 1977.

"Were you armed?" we asked.

"We were not," Meecham replied.

"Tape recorder?"

"Except for a tiny automated camera hidden in the room, we had no electronic devices whatsoever," Hart said. "I had a pencil and a note pad."

According to the two operatives, they had a final briefing at two a.m., one hour before they were scheduled to make contact with the alien. After showing their credentials at the guardhouse, they proceeded left to the huge concrete and glass building. In the lobby on the left wall an inscription reads: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. John VIII-XXXII."

That's where a security guard met them and escorted them to the reception area, where Hart and Meecham signed in. They were then escorted to a room on the ground floor. Inside were two men, both of whom were unfamiliar to Hart and Meecham. The

operatives was that they did not want us to take what they had to say lightly. They were deadly serious.

"How was contact made?" we asked.

Meecham said it came through WALNUT. This is one of the spooky computers located at the CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia. It was developed by IBM. If an agent wants a particular piece of information, say the state of Castro's health, he feeds WALNUT 20 to 25 key words on the subject. The "brain" searches for and finds the right microfilmed document and photographs it with ultraviolet light. The small photo is then enlarged and projected onto a viewing screen. The operation takes five seconds.

According to Meecham, on June 23, 1977 one of the "secret elite" was using WALNUT when it went haywire. Five seconds later these words appeared on the screen: "We want to talk to you. A representative is waiting. Show this to your superior."

A telephone call was made. A member of the CIA's inner circle hurried to WALNUT and saw the message just before it faded.

## **ECCO GLI IPOTETICI ABITANTI DI GIOVE**

*Sui pianeti del nostro sistema solare non vivono esseri intelligenti. Questo è ormai certo. Ma alcuni scienziati hanno cercato d'immaginare quali altre forme di vita siano possibili. Anni fa, per gioco (troppo avventato, hanno detto altri loro colleghi), gli astronomi Carl Sagan e E. Salpeter costruirono l'identikit di creature che potrebbero vivere su Giove, la cui atmosfera, composta soprattutto di metano e ammoniaca, è analoga a quella della Terra di quattro miliardi di anni fa. Gli ipotetici abitanti di Giove potrebbero essere come mongolfiere (le vedete nel disegno) capaci di spostarsi emettendo getti di gas.*

pulsanti (osservate a Omsk, in Urss), creature senza testa e con ali di pipistrello.

Fra gli umanoidi, prevalgono quelli che hanno occhi verdi, seguiti da quelli con occhi rossi, ma sono stati visti anche esseri con un occhio solo in mezzo alla fronte. La maggioranza degli alieni sarebbe bassa (da 70 centimetri a 1,60 metri), però non mancano lillipuziani di 15 centimetri e giganti di tre-quattro metri. Per lo più pelosi, hanno in gran parte la pelle bianca. Numerosi sono pure i neri, i grigi, i gialli; pochi i verdi.

Hanno capelli generalmente biondi e abbondano i calvi. Le orecchie o sono immense, o piccole e appuntite, o non ci sono. La bocca è quasi sempre ridotta a un taglio; sono assenti, spessissimo, ciglia e sopracciglia.

Indossano tute aderenti, bianche, grigie o metallizzate. Procedono in modo goffo. Si esprimono in massima parte a gesti o con suoni gutturali o parlando lingue sconosciute. Ma ci sono alieni che avrebbero dimostrato di conoscere lo spagnolo, l'inglese, il portoghese, il francese e l'italiano. Molti comunicherebbero con noi telepaticamente, medianicamente.

Alcuni sarebbero armati (di bastoni, scatole nere, specchi, cinture ed elmetti che emettono raggi non mortali, ma paralizzanti); altri inermi. Sono di più i buoni che i cattivi e gli aggressivi.

Verrebbero sulla Terra per trovare acqua, per raccogliere piante, sementi, animali, per riparare motori in avaria, per rapire uomini da esaminare sulle loro astronavi con apparecchi che, a quanto risulta, non sarebbero, nella stragrande maggioranza dei casi, tecnicamente molto avanzati o non sarebbero apparsi tali a

terrestri inesperti.

Oppure verrebbero soltanto per parlarci, per farci sapere che esistono, per prepararci ad entrare in contatto con civiltà più evolute, per avvertirci che stiamo rovinando il nostro pianeta.

Alcuni sarebbero in grado di assumere qualsiasi sembianza umana; altri già vivono tra di noi e di due si vocifera che siano stati catturati da agenti dei servizi segreti statunitensi. Altri sono vecchissimi, ma ci appaiono giovani e bellissimi. Taluni sarebbero capaci di avvolgere in nebbie gli uomini rapiti e di «teletrasportarli» fino a 6.500 chilometri di distanza, come sarebbe successo ai coniugi argentini Vidal.

Qualcuno non rifugge dal fare all'amore con terrestri, ma senza forzarli: un contadino brasiliano, Antonio Villas Boas, contattisti notissimi come Truman Bethurum e Howard Menger hanno raccontato d'aver avuto piacevolissime esperienze sessuali con aliene. Qualche altro ne approfitta con la forza: viene citato il caso di una ufologa neozelandese violentata, a suo dire, da una creatura orripilante.

Ma come è accettato oggi questo millenario fenomeno sempre dato per finito e sempre riemergente? Come viene spiegato?

Ovviamente ci sono uomini che credono a tutto o a quasi tutto ciecamente. E fra questi sono compresi, spesso, coloro che hanno visto o creduto di vedere un disco o un alieno.

È una massa fluttuante. Negli Stati Uniti, che annoverano tra i «credenti» due ex presidenti, Jimmy Carter e Ronald Reagan, nel 1966, secondo un'inchiesta Gallup, avevano visto un Ufo 5.000.000 di persone e 50 milioni (circa la metà della popolazione adulta) credeva nella loro esistenza. Nel 1973, più della metà della popolazione adulta ci credeva e avevano visto un disco volante in 15 milioni. In Italia, secondo rilevamenti della Doxa, la percentuale di chi ne escludeva l'esistenza è salita, dal 1979 al 1987, dal 32 per cento al 53 per cento; la percentuale di quelli che credono agli Ufo è scesa dal 35 per cento nel 1979 al 19 per cento nell'aprile del 1987.

La posizione degli ufologi (persone di ogni ceto, mestiere e professione - anche astronomi, fisici, matematici - che studiano quest'argomento con passione e costanza) è mediana. Definiscono loro stessi almeno un terzo dei casi d'incontro con alieni «non degno di fede». Su scala più generale, hanno riconosciuto che circa il 57 per cento degli 80.000 (o giù di lì) dischi volanti avvistati negli ultimi quarant'anni non sono Ufo (Unidentified Flying Objects, oggetti volanti non identificati) ma Ifo (Identified Flying Objects, oggetti volanti identificati: ossia, palloni sonda, meteoriti, pianeti, stelle, aeroplani, satelliti o altro scambiati per dischi). Ammettono che il 18 per cento degli og-

getti non può «essere identificato per insufficienza d'informazione utile» e che, in sostanza, solo il 25 per cento è «non identificato» (gli avversari parlano di appena il 5 per cento di casi indecifrabili o, per ora, indecifrabili). Molti degli ufologi si limitano a prendere atto di queste «realità sconosciute» che, secondo loro, hanno lasciato anche segni sul terreno o «memorie», non confutabili, nelle registrazioni radar, e invitano gli avversari a non essere drastici nei giudizi (ha scritto a questo proposito l'astrofisico e ufologo Hynek: «Da principio ero molto scettico perché da scienziato avevo bisogno di prove per credere. Ora le prove ci sono: intendiamoci, non le prove che esistono i dischi volanti o gli omini verdi, ma le prove che esistono oggetti dei quali non è possibile per il momento spiegare l'esistenza in termini consueti. Ci sono prove che certa gente - e spesso si tratta di militari, piloti, scienziati... non gente qualsiasi - ha visto "qualcosa"»).

Altri ufologi si avventurano in spiegazioni più o meno fantasiose: parlano di veicoli ed esseri provenienti da universi paralleli e capaci di utilizzare mezzi, energie e velocità per noi impensabili, o di creature in grado di sfruttare poteri ancora ignoti della mente.

Al polo opposto, tra gli scettici, c'è la stragrande maggioranza degli scienziati. (Alcune «eccezioni» le abbiamo già citate; altre sono, per esempio, il premio Nobel in medicina e fisiologia Francis Crick e il biologo Leslie Orgel: questi affermano che la vita sarebbe arrivata sulla Terra, miliardi di anni fa, a bordo di astronavi provenienti dal cosmo).

L'opinione degli scettici più «duri» è stata ben riassunta dal giornalista televisivo Piero Angela in un brevissimo capitolo del libro *Viaggio nel mondo del paranormale*. Scrive Angela, in netto contrasto con quello che sosteneva poco più sopra Hynek: «...si entra in piena fantascienza con testimonianze che fanno acqua da tutte le parti, con veri e propri racconti da fumetti (gente che è in contatto con gli Ufo, gente che addirittura è salita a bordo delle astronavi: e, guarda caso, questi esseri così evoluti non prendono mai contatto con universitari o scienziati... ma con vedove, lattai, posteletrografici ecc.). Tutte queste persone infatti riescono ad effettuare collegamenti privilegiati che nessun osservatorio astronomico o astrofisico o radiotelescopico è riuscito mai a realizzare».

(Ricordiamo qui, brevemente, per soddisfare l'eventuale curiosità dei lettori, che esiste uno studio fatto da ufologi brasiliani su 217 incontri ravvicinatissimi: 38 dei terrestri che avrebbero visto gli alieni sono risultati contadini, 15 operai, 12 commercianti, 13 poliziotti e vigili, 7 militari, 7 ingegneri, 5 medici e quindi, in ordine ancor più frantumato e sparso, gli altri, sud-

*continua a pag. 108»*